Come ſhall we goe along? *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood ſuckers.

Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie priſon,
Fatall and dominious to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoile,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curſe is falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when Richard ſtabd her ſonne.

Ri. Then curſt ſhe Haſtings, then curſt ſhe Buckingham,
Then curſt ſhe Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

Lord

Lor. Haſtings, you and h
Haſt. I thanke his grac
But for his purpoſe in th
I haue not ſounded him,
His graces pleaſure any w
But you my L. may nam
And in the Dukes behal
Which I preſume he wil
Biſh. Now in good tim
En
Glo. My noble L. and
I haue bene long a ſleep
My abſence doth neglect
Which by my preſence
Buc. Had not you com
William L. Haſtings had
I meane your voice for c
Glo. Then my L. Haſt
His Lordſhip knowes m
Haſt. *I* thanke your g
Glo. My L. of Elie.
Biſh. My Lord.
Glo. When *I* was laſt i
I ſawe good ſtrawberries
I do beſeech you ſend fo
Biſh. I goe my Lord.
Glo. Couſen Buckingh
Catesby hath ſounded H
And findes the teſty gent
As he will looſe his head
His maiſters ſonne as wor
Shall looſe the royaltie of
Buc. Withdraw you h
Dar. We haue not ye
To morrow in mine opin
For I my ſelfe am not ſo v
As elſe *I* would be were t
Enter the
Bi. Where is my L. Pr

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